Eeter Braggart.

Ber. Hide thy head *Achilles*, here comes *Hector* in Armes.
Duma. Though my mockes come home by me, I will now be merrie.
King. *Hector* was but a *Troyan* in respect of this.
Boyet. But is this *Hector?*
King. I thinke *Hector* was not so cleane timberd.
Long. His Legge is too bigge for *Hectors.*
Duman. More Calfe certaine.
Boye. No, he is best indued in the small.
Bero. This cannot be *Hector.*
Duma. Hee's a God or a Painter: for he makes faces.
Braggart. *The Armipotent* Mars, *of Launces the almightie, gaue* Hector *a gift.*
Duma. A gift Nutmegg.
Bero. A Lemmon.
Long. Stucke with Cloues.
Dum. No clouen.
Brag. *Peace. The Armipotent* Mars, *of Launces the almighty, Gaue* Hector *a gift, the heir of Illion,*
A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight; yea,
From morne till night out of his Pauilion.
I am that Flower.
Dum. That Mint.
Long. That Cullambine.
Brag. Sweete Lord *Longauill* raine thy tongue.
Long. I must rather giue it the raine; for it runnes against *Hector.*
Dum. I and *Hector's* a Greyhound.
Brag. The sweete War-man is dead and rotten,
Sweete chucks beat not the bones of the buried:
When he breathed he was a man:
But I will forward with my deuice; sweete royaltie bestow on me the sence of hearing.

Berowne steps foorth.

Quee. Speake braue *Hector*, we are much delighted.
Brag. *I do adore thy sweete Graces Slipper.*

Boyet

Boyet Loues her by the foote.
Dum. He may not by the yarde.
Brag. *This* Hector *far surmounted* Hannibal,
The partie is gone.
Clow. Fellow *Hector*, she is gone; she is two months on her way.
Brag. What meanest thou?
Clow. Faith vnlesse you play the honest *Troyan*, the poore wench is cast away: shee's quicke, the childe bragges in her bellie already: tis yours.
Brag. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? Thou shalt die.
Clow. Then shall *Hector* be whipt for *Iaquenetta* that is quicke by him, and hangd for *Pompey* that is dead by him.
Duma. Most rare *Pompey.*
Boyet. Renowned *Pompey.*
Bero. Greater then great, great, great, great *Pompey*: *Pompey* the hudge.
Dum. *Hector* trembles.
Bero. *Pompey* is mooued more Ates more Atees stir them or stir them on.
Duma. *Hector* will challenge him.
Bero. I, if a'haue no more mans blood in his belly then will supp a Flea.
Brag. By the North Pole I do challenge thee.
Clow. I will not fight with a Pole like a Northren man; Ile slash, Ile do it by the Sword: I bepray you let me borrow my Armes againe.
Duma. Roome for the incensed Worthies.
Clow. Ile do it in my shyrt.
Duma. Most resolute *Pompey.*
Page. Maister, let me take you a button hole lower. Do you not see, *Pompey* is vncasing for the Combat: What meane you? you will loose your reputation.
Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers, pardon me, I will not combat in my shyrt. (lenge.
Duma. You may not deny it, *Pompey* hath made the chal-
Brag. Sweete bloodes, I both may and will,

 Bero.